Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall heauie dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, heere's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome Riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenuoy*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue ſir, but a Plantan:

Ar. By vertue thou enforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought, my ſpleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the vnconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *ſalue*?

Page. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *ſalue*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make plaine,
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were ſtill at oddes being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a Bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:

Let

Let me ſee a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Gooſe that you
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* br

Pag. I will tell you ſencibly.

Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*.
I will ſpeake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell ouer the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirra *Coſtard* I will infranchiſe thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I ſmell
ſome Gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoule, I meane, ſetting t
Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured, r
tiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purg
me looſe.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, ſet thee from c
lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Be
cant to the Countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is
for the beſt ward of my honours is rewarding m
Moth, follow.

Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signeur *Coſtard* adiew.

Clow. My ſweet ounce of mans fleſh, my in-co
will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O
tine word for three farthings: three farthings remu
the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a r
Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fa
a French Crowne. I will neuer buy and ſell out